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THE NEW MAN

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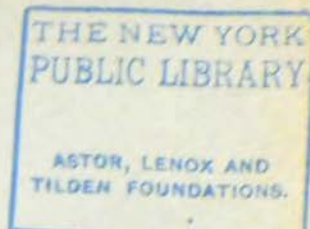
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This book has had an immense sale during the past year. The revelations which it contains have helped thousands out of sin and sickness. It has pointed the way for many out of the galling thralldom of an overmastering sexpassion, and so paved the way for a higher spiritual development, peace and a material prosperity to which before they were strangers. All who are struggling out of adverse conditions of all kinds cannot afford to miss reading this book. In order that even the poorest may be able to buy it, we have placed it at the low price of 50 cts. It will prove a mine of wisdom to all students of the higher thought, and a sure guide to those seeking to live a higher life.

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The first ten chapters are arranged in the form of lessons, which comprise a complete course in the Science of Life. 1. God, or Life. 2. Man. 3. Good and Evil. 4. What is Disease? 5. The Power of Thought in the cure of Disease. 6. Desires. 7. Faith. 8. In the Silence. 9. Practical Demonstration. 10. Methods of Treatment. 11. Suggestion and the Sub-Conscious Mind. 12. The Care of the Skin. 13. An Internal Bath. 14. Bathing. 15. Sex Power, Its Control and Use. Judge not.

Address NEW MAN PUBLISHING CO., 3857 Seward St., Omaha, Neb.



THE NEW MAN.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1900

NO. 1.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

While the New Man is still published in Lawrence, Kansas, all remittances and communications should be addressed to

DR. P. BRAUN, 3857 Seward St., Omaha, Neb.

A Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year to all the World. May the burdens of all the unfortunate ones be lightened, and may the spiritual light shine for those in intellectual and spiritual darkness. May all the sick and suffering ones be healed by Christ the Great Healer who is in all of us.

To you, dear ones who read these pages I wish a most Happy and prosperous New Year. I trust that you will help me in extending the work which I am now doing, by drawing the attention of the sick and the needy to THE NEW MAN. Henceforth I shall put no more price on my services, and those of my subscribers who need to be healed in mind or body can make their own price. We shall accept free will contributions, and I have no doubt whatever that my own shall come to me. The law of compensation requires that we should always give for benefits received, otherwise we make beggars out of ourselves. There are times when we cannot give anything, but the good will

must be present even at these times, even though the ability to execute it be absent.

Faint heart never won fair lady, in other words, the fearless belong all good things. I have grown utterly fearless, and I prove it by removing my price for my services. The only condition I must insist upon for allowing my patients to make their own price is that they first become subscribers to THE NEW MAN, for it is devoted to giving instructions which they need. A few have asked me to treat them, and when they are cured they will send the dollar for THE NEW MAN. In the nature of the case I cannot cure such people, although I treat them. The spirit that inspires such utterances is a hindrance to a cure.

Patients must note that although I request them to make themselves passive to my treatments, they must not look to me for the healing. That is done by the *power within themselves*. During treatments they should think of this power and its ability to heal. They should affirm its presence within the affected parts of the body, and by thus thinking of it they will call it into manifestation, for "according to your faith so shall it be done unto you."

We shall devote this and part of next NEW MAN finishing up with the story, after which we shall change the contents of THE NEW MAN to small articles, which, we trust, will be found very practical and helpful.

PATIENTS REMEMBER

that we expect reports from them now and then how they are getting along. We shall not answer these reports unless we find it necessary. If an answer is needed, do not forget to enclose stamp. We shall treat you and do all we can to help you, but we cannot keep up a useless correspondence. As it is, we work early and late to master a constantly increasing correspondence, and some foolishly think themselves neglected when they get no answer to their reports. If we have any further instructions to give for your welfare they will be given without the asking, as we are equally interested in your recovery. So when

do not answer reports it is because it is not necessary, or we have no further instructions to give, and not because we desire to neglect you. As soon as the free will offerings become plentiful enough we shall engage other stenographers, and will then be in shape to answer more letters. My heart often aches on account of my inability to write regularly to you all.

Our Angel in Heaven.

—OR—

Love the Greatest of All.

CHAPTER XXV—CONTINUED.

"There can be no mistake," he cried, "it is she; my own long lost daughter. Agnes, my child, let me embrace you. You are my child, my darling child."

She made no resistance for she felt that this man was her father. For fully a minute father and daughter were locked in a tight embrace. Then he stood her off at arm's length and said: "There cannot be a mistake, for you look just like your mother. You will say so when you see her picture. Besides you have the birthmarks."

They sat down on the bench with their arms around each other. The valet saw them from his window and reported to Fritz who was just rising that the gypsy girl was sitting on a bench in the gardens hugging a man.

Agnes was at that moment telling her father that she had often seen him in clairvoyant vision and felt that he was in some way dear to her. "Now," she said, "I do not wonder why I felt drawn toward you. I have also seen my mother often but Zinka managed that I did not understand or remember what she said

whenever she spoke to me. I would come out of the trance having some faint remembrance that I saw her, but try as I might, I could never remember what she said to me."

They were soon absorbed in recounting their experiences in life, from which they were disturbed by the approach of Fritz. The latter was saying: "Will you kindly explain—" when he halted suddenly, and then flew into the outstretched arms of Jacob Brenner.

"Jacob, old boy, you have spoiled me the pleasure of introducing you to your long lost daughter. How on earth does it happen that you are here? I intended to send for you this morning."

"Don't you know that I was told by the Master to follow the inner leading? Well, the day before yesterday I was restless all day. It seemed as if I could find peace in no other way than by coming to see you. So yesterday I took the train for Coblenz and I travelled all night. I came here too early to find you up, so I concluded to wait in the gardens until you should be up. Here my daughter found me, or rather we found each other, for she knew me as I recognized her."

"Well, well, this is strange," said Fritz, "but let us go in the house. The Master will be glad, and she on the other side of life, for she tried very hard to bring you together. We call this chance, but much that passes for chance is the result of the intervention of unseen intelligences."

Jacob looked at Agnes in a critical way and remarked: "The first thing we will do after breakfast is to hunt up a dressmaker who will change your appearance into that of a civilized being. Gypsy costumes do not look well on you, my dear."

They all laughed and made their way into the dining room where breakfast was speedily served and where the Master soon joined them.

The friends spent a day full of enjoyment. Jacob had no eyes for anything but his daughter. The latter never tired of listening to the recital of his earlier life in which her mother had a part. "Would that I might be free to speak to her and remember all

she says," sighed the girl after her father had given her a graphic description of the mother's sorrow and subsequent death, "but Zinka has cast a spell over me which I am unable to break."

Just at that moment the Master stepped up, and hearing her last words he said: "Your wish shall be granted; that evil spell be broken. Look me into the eyes. Now sleep, deeper, deeper. You are now free. Zinka has no more power over you. Your mind is open to all the vibrations coming to you from the purer realms of Spirit. Nothing shall hinder you from remembering all that you see, hear or sense, hereafter."

Making a few passes over her she awoke.

In the evening he resumed his journey to Mayence. As Jacob's search was now ended, Fritz invited him and Agnes to stay at the mansion as long as they were satisfied to remain.

But something happened to cut short their stay. One morning the postman brought to Fritz among other letters one from his friend Weber. He announced the good news of his promotion to the position of first Kapellmeister at the Hamburg Opera. The first Kapellmeister had been called to the Royal Opera at Berlin, and the management at Hamburg had offered the vacant position to Weber, who had gladly accepted it. The letter continued, "Now I am in search of a man to fill the position as second Kapellmeister. I am almost angry at your good fortunes which prevent me from offering you the position. I would so much love to see you here, where we could both work together and make the Hamburg Opera the most famous in all Europe, even Paris not excepted. With your genius as a composer and my executive ability we might do wonders."

"Well," said Fritz to Jacob who listened to the reading of the letter with interest, "he can't have me, but he shall have a man who will be a better director than myself. He shall have Jacob Brenner, who held that very same position before."

Jacob had jumped from his chair, and although he

was gesticulating wildly and got his hair into disorder, he could not utter a word.

Fritz forced him back into his chair and said: "Never mind, old boy. I know just what you want to say, but I do not believe one word of it. You mean to tell me that you are getting too old for the place, that you do not deserve it, and such like rubbish. I know you better than you do, and I know that you will fill that position with credit to yourself and the old historic Opera. Your fault all your life long has been that you have placed too low an estimate upon yourself. Now you just let me manage this matter for you."

Half an hour later a message flashed over the telegraph wires which was received by Kapellmeister Weber. It read as follows: "I have found a good man to take your place. I am confident he will suit you, therefore I will send him to you tomorrow. Fritz."

Jacob and Agnes left that same evening for Hamburg with the best wishes of Fritz. Several days afterwards the happy man wrote a letter to his friend which overflowed with thanksgiving. He had been accepted without a question.

Now that Fritz was left alone, a terrible loneliness overcame him. His uncle's last will had been placed into the hands of the proper legal authorities, which brought to him all of that good man's vast fortune, except the large sums which Fritz willingly bestowed upon those who had been favored by the first will.

Tony Becker was in Munich arranging matters for the coming international art exhibit. Fritz became more restless every day, and when the exhibition opened he ordered his valet to pack his valises and purchase two tickets for Munich. He wished to surprise Tony. But when he called at the hotel where Tony had engaged rooms temporarily, he was told that the painter had gone to visit his old home in the Black Forrest. This was a great disappointment to Fritz, but he guessed that the painter's natural reticence had prompted him to withdraw during the first part of the season in order to be out of reach of possi-

ble criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. Tony might have gone home also in the hope of getting some clue of his wife's whereabouts. Whatever his motive in running away, Fritz had to make the best of it. So he wrote a letter to Tony, saying that he was in Munich and expected to see him back there ere long.

Going through the exposition halls one day, Fritz met an old friend of his with whom he had become acquainted while in Rome, who proved to be the president of the exposition. The latter offered to guide Fritz for the remainder of the afternoon, which offer was gladly accepted, because Fritz wished to find out what impression Tony's pictures were making, and if possible, use his influence to further the painter's interests should this be necessary.

Fritz found Tony's pictures in a small, but well lighted apartment adjoining one of the larger halls. As soon as they entered it became apparent to the two that this was one of the most popular exhibits, for the apartment was crowded with visitors, who gave expression to their feelings of admiration in the most flattering terms. "Eventide" attracted the most attention. Next came "Forgiven," which created a profound impression upon all who saw it. Fritz noticed all this with pleasure.

While the two were engaged in a discussion of the merits of Tony's paintings a woman was shown in by one of the employees. She wished to see the president. Approaching the latter she said that she came in answer to an advertisement which the latter had placed in the morning papers, and which called for a lady to do light work in the exposition building. She was poorly clad and her face bore the marks of great mental suffering. The president seemed somewhat inclined to reject her, but the woman appeared to be in need of help, and that finally settled the question, for he was a kind hearted man. He told her to report in the morning when she would be assigned to her post. The woman turned away with a few words of thanks. Just then her eyes fell on some of the pic-

tures. They came to rest on the one entitled "Forgiven." Drawing near it she bent down to read the name of the artist, when she suddenly pressed both of her hands to her heart and uttered a cry of pain. She stretched out her hands as if seeking a support, but finding none she fell heavily to the floor.

Fritz had watched her, and he had noticed with surprise the close resemblance between her features and the face of the woman on the canvass. There could be no doubt in his mind. *The woman was Tony's wife.*

The women in the room screamed when they saw one of their sex falling to the floor in a dead faint. Some ran out and one or two promptly applied smelling salts. Fritz begged the director to help him in removing the woman to an open window. When this was done she revived rapidly. Opening her eyes she withdrew her hand which Fritz was chafing in some embarrassment. She tried to rise but Fritz held her back gently, saying, "Wait a moment, I know your secret. Your husband is my friend, and you must let me help you. You seem unhappy. Can I do anything for you?"

"Alas, how could I be otherwise. My punishment has been great, but it was just. Leaving the best and kindest husband at a time when I must have been insane or possessed by an evil influence, I gave myself up to a scoundrel, who I imagined loved me. For a time I tried to argue myself into a state of content. But the awakening came and it was terrible. The vagabond for whom I sacrificed all I had left me in disgust. Since that time neither happiness nor peace has been mine. I have experienced all the bitterness that is a woman's lot, who alone and unaided tries to make a living for herself and her child."

"A child? So you have a child?"

"Yes, but thank God it is the child of my husband. At the time I left him I was aware of the fact that I would be a mother, but I never told him, as I was under the influence of the other. The child has grown up to be a young lady, and my one prayer to God has

been not to let her suffer for my sake, but to keep her pure and unspotted. She believes her father dead, and so did I until today.

"He lives, but he is not in the city today," said Fritz. "Now since you know he lives what do you intend to do?"

A frightened look came into the woman's face when Fritz asked her this question. But this soon gave way to one of determination and she said with a choking voice, "I shall do what is right. I must beg his forgiveness on my knees, just as he painted me. He may turn away with loathing and spurn me, but it will be only just."

The woman was now silently weeping. Fritz regarded her with compassion for a moment. Then he said, "I have known your husband for some time, and none nobler than he walks this earth. The All-Father's love is filling his heart, and Love is greater than Justice, for true Justice is only the 'handmaiden of Love.'"

Fritz took down the woman's address and then he left her with a few encouraging words. Fifteen minutes later a message flashed over the wires calling Tony to the city immediately. Fritz did not tell him the reason for his urgent call to come, but simply told him he *must* come. And the painter came, wondering what it all meant. Fritz accompanied him to his hotel from the depot, when he arrived. Still he left him in the dark as to the real reason for his call. But he made Tony feel easy in regard to his paintings, simply saying they created a most favorable impression. "And now," said Fritz, "I will leave you for to-night. I shall not see you again until tomorrow morning. But somebody else will see you in about half an hour, somebody you have not seen for a long time. I do not know how you will receive this one, but I know you will do what is right. Pray, dear friend, for you may need strength. Good night."

Tony was impressed with the solemn words which Fritz had spoken, and instinctively he laid a detaining hand on Fritz when the latter took leave. But Fritz

gently pulled himself away and the door closed behind him.

Tony felt unusually moved. He knew Fritz would not speak and act in this way unless there was good reason for it. He sank upon his knees and was soon lost to the outer world in a loving communion with the Father. He felt that some great crisis was approaching, but he became filled with a great calm and peace as he opened himself to the inner power. Silently he breathed the words, "Father, thy Holy Will is my will. Let it be done always and under all circumstances. Let it be done in this hour no matter what the consequences may be. They cannot be ought but good if Thy Will be done."

He rose and sat down by the table looking at a book that was laying there but never seeing it, for his thoughts were wandering far away. He was thinking of his wife, and of the happiness that was once his until the cruel hand of fate had torn her from him. Would he ever know happiness again?

Just then the door opened noiselessly and two female figures entered. One was the woman whom Fritz had befriended, and the other a youthful girl who bore a close resemblance to the painter's features, only that they were softer and in the full bloom and brightness of youth.

They both knelt before the man at the table, and the approach had been so silent and unobtrusive that at first it seemed only a picture of his imagination. But then his hand felt the falling of hot, scalding tears, and the elder woman was sobbing violently. Mechanically he put one of his arms around each one and held them close. His astonishment was so great that it seemed to deprive him momentarily not only of his power of speech, but of thought itself. The elder woman became calmer by degrees, and now she was imploring his forgiveness. "I have no more right to call you my husband," she sobbed, "but I cannot die without your forgiveness. I have sinned, but my punishment has been greater than I could bear, and the hand of death is resting upon me. I have brought

you your child. Until tonight she knew nothing of my great sin, but now she joins me in my prayers for forgiveness."

"Father, my own dear father, forgive her. Whatever her past, I know nothing of it except what she told me. But since my baby lips called her 'mother,' she has led an almost holy life, a life that has been one great agony and sacrifice for me, that I might not want, that I might be pure and innocent and good. And now her health is failing her and I fear, I fear——" She only ended with a sob. Tony's breast was heaving convulsively. At last he broke forth, "No, no, not that. I have not waited these many weary years for her return to have her snatched away from me. Together we will fight and cheat death for many years to come. Thank God. I have lived only for this moment and painted its coming. But the picture is not complete. You, my dear," turning to the girl, "are not on it. Instead of only one, God has given me two to love and cherish. This hour makes me forget the sad nights and sorrowful days that lie between it and the past. Let it be forgotten. There is nothing to forgive, dear wife. I have done that long ago."

He clasped them tight in his embrace, and his tears of joy mingled with those of two happy women. Here we will leave them for a while, for no pen can do justice to a moment like this.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Two years passed. Fritz had spent them partly at home and partly in travelling about Europe. They were years of loneliness, not unmixed with joy and a certain kind of peace, the peace that comes with the striving for at-one-ment with the source of our being. The country folks and the tenants on his estates had come to love him. They were not used to such mild and generous treatment as the new master accorded to them. Many called him their saving angel and almost worshipped him. And no wonder, for Fritz could not bear to see the people in want and suffering. He

made it his business to visit the bedsides of the sick, to establish sanitary conditions, and to see that the people were provided with all their necessities. He brought aid and comfort, and many declared that he had cured them. Moved to pity and compassion by the signs of suffering, Fritz would often lay his hands on the sick, and whisper soothing and encouraging words. It was no wonder that he soon had the reputation of being a famous healer.

In the winter he would ascertain who was in want of food or clothing, which was promptly furnished. But while he thus relieved the pressing needs of the people around him, he recognized the fact that he must as much as possible furnish them with opportunities for self-support. And so he introduced several branches of industry which the people could follow at home. He kept on his estates an experienced and practical agricultural experimenter, who would teach the farmers how to raise more remunerative products than they had cultivated heretofore.

The Master was in constant communication with Fritz, and directed his psychic and spiritual development. More and more the spiritual realm opened up to him, and the glimpses which he got made him hunger for more. But he was advised to "keep his feet on the earth." Many were the scenes and faces which he saw with his newly opening spiritual vision. Yet the one face which he longed to see eluded him. The Master warned him that he must not try to see her for a while, because his eagerness would defeat its own object.

But he often spoke to Arda in thought. He craved her forgiveness for his conduct in the past, and assured her that he still loved her. He was aware of the far-reaching power of thought, and he knew that on the which he saw with his newly opening spiritual vision. Yet the one face which he longed to see eluded him. The Master warned him that he must not try to see her for a while, because his eagerness would defeat its own object.

But he often spoke to Arda in thought. He craved her forgiveness for his conduct in the past, and assured

a consolation to those left behind on earth by the loved ones gone hence.

One evening while sitting in the silence, the room all at once seemed to grow bright with an unearthly radiance. Dimly at first Fritz beheld the form of a little boy. He seemed larger than the child he had called his own, yet he had the same features and the same golden curls. As the angel form approached it smiled, and sat on his knees. Nestling close to his breast the little boy opened his lips and said, "Papa must not grieve any more, mamma has forgiven you long ago. Albert tried to tell you, but papa could not hear."

The thrills of ecstasy that went through Fritz were indescribable. A shout of joy escaped him and he tried to press the form of the child to his heart. But it had disappeared. Some of the brightness still lingered, and Fritz cried, "Although I see you no more, I still feel your presence. Go tell her wherever she is, that I love her more than my life, and that she must come to me and be my own again if she is still in the flesh. Be thou a messenger of peace and good will between us."

The light had faded altogether now, but there stole into his heart a new hope and a sweet assurance that he would once more be united with the object of his love.

Winter had once more covered the earth with a thick mantle of snow. Fritz had finished his opera and submitted it to Kapellmeister Weber for examination with a view of having it produced at the Hamburg Opera. Weber had written very enthusiastically about it and told Fritz in one of his letters that it would not only be the hit of the season, but that it would mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the opera. Fritz however laid much of Weber's love.

Winter had once more covered the earth with a thick mantle of snow. Fritz had finished his opera and submitted it to Kapellmeister Weber for examination with a view of having it produced at the Hamburg Opera. Weber had written very enthusiastically about it and told Fritz in one of his letters that it would not only be the hit of the season but that it

enthusiasm into others, and in connection with his skill as a director it was no wonder that all who had a chance of listening to even the preliminary practices bespoke a great success for the work. And these whisperings behind the scenes most generally reach the sensitive ears of the reporters, and then the great public knows all about it. Thus it was no wonder that not alone all Hamburg should be eagerly discussing the forthcoming opera, but the whole world of music at large.

Fritz had begged that his name be kept a profound secret, but somehow it was given out that the composer belonged to one of the oldest and most influential aristocratic families of Germany. This enlisted the sympathies and the good will of the world of society and fashion.

Finding that Brenner took such an interest in the work, Weber appointed him as the musical director for the evenings of the production. Weber had urged Fritz to come to Hamburg. Fritz came but could not be prevailed upon to take a seat in the house the first night of the appearance of his work. He was too nervous and sensitive and feared another failure. He admitted that he felt cowardly but could not help it.

Weber had told him that none of his prima donnas seemed exactly suited to the leading role, but that he had some weeks past unearthed a new star who seemed most eager and willing to take the part in this opera, although she had refused all offers of a permanent engagement. Weber was full of praise concerning her magnificent voice and charming appearance.

Christmas day had been chosen for the day of the first production of the opera. Fritz had mingled with the crowds all day. He had spent great sums in special charities for Christmas. When night came he shut himself up in his hotel, which was in the block opposite the Opera house. He felt singularly nervous, and he felt dimly that this night meant more for him than the success or failure of his opera. How he got that impression he could not tell, but it stayed with him. We will leave him alone for a while, and enter

the vast Opera house with the throngs that pour in there in one seemingly unbroken stream. Every seat in the house had been sold out in anticipation of a rare treat. The world of fashion had taken possession of the boxes and the *Parterre*. The aisles were crowded with people who had been unable to find a seat. The air was hot and somewhat oppressive until the great curtain rose. An air of expectancy pervaded the whole house which found expression in many remarks. The promised debut of a new singer added not a little to it. The hum of voices was hushed suddenly by the opening strains of the orchestra. Jacob directed it, at first somewhat nervously, but as he proceeded he forgot the world around him and became engrossed in his work.

The hush deepened, and the audience scarcely stirred when the overture had been fairly launched. This was music, but decidedly not of the ordinary kind. It sounded as if it belonged to another world or age, an age that had given birth to a grander and more spiritual race, a race that had risen above the petty ideals, the brutal rush for wealth, and the lower appetites which still cling to this one. In the short space of time which elapses between the close of the overture and the opening of the first act, we hear such expressions as these :

"I feel as if I was in a church."

"And I as if I was in heaven."

"If the Theosophists are right, the composer must be an incarnation of some musical genius from a more advanced planet."

"Pah, go away with your Theosophists. This man's soul has caught some of the music of the spheres, and he has been able to write it down."

"Why not say he has caught the music of his own soul and and given expression to it?"

The last speaker was none other than the Master, who had found a seat in one of the boxes among gentlemen in evening dress and ladies attired in costumes which none but the richest can command.

Just then the curtain rose. The scene represented

some country festival with crowds of village folk moving around the stage. The opening chorus was animated and gay and at once appealed to the hearers. Then comes the heroine and the hero. It is love at first sight, and the solos and duets are passionate on his part and tenderly sweet on hers. All is harmony and peace. There is as yet no warning of the trials to come. These are foreshadowed in the last scene of the first act, when the jealous plotters appear and lay plans to separate or destroy the lovers.

The plot is nothing extraordinary, but there are new sentiments depicted, and the music truly outruns the words. It pictures with a language of its own. The first act is most generously applauded, but no one is prepared for the bursts of enthusiasm that accompany the second. This amounts to a perfect frenzy in the third act, and there are repeated cries of "composer, composer," indicating that they want to see and applaud him.

The prima donna, who is no less a personage than Arda, had captured all hearts. Her first entrance had been very modest, almost shy, but she had become lost in her work and acted most splendidly. Most of those who heard her conceded that they were listening to a voice as fine as Jenny Lind's, or Patti's, or Malibran's.

Arda was ably supported by the rest of the company. Alma von Staden was playing the role of the jealous plotter, and both her voice and acting won for herself special applause. But the Hamburgers were accustomed to this. "The American Singer" as they called her, had won their appreciation from her very first appearance, and they regretted the official announcement that Alma would soon leave the stage altogether. But rumor had it that she was to be married to the handsome Herr Weber the first week in January.

Arda had never met Alma. The only afternoon that she had been present at one of the last rehearsals, Alma had been confined to her room on account of a severe headache. They were introduced to each other

by Kapellmeister Weber when he accompanied Alma to the dressing room. The meeting had caused a severe shock to Arda, for she recognized in the woman before her the one she saw with Fritz that fateful night in America. For a moment her limbs seemed to give way under her, but she regained her self-possession immediately, and Alma laid the momentary agitation of the beautiful singer to shyness. Her big sympathetic heart went out to Arda, and she embraced and kissed her.

And the response was immediate, for in spite of the fateful vision which rose before Arda she felt drawn towards the frank singer. She began to feel that no matter what appearances might be she could trust this woman to do what was right under all circumstances. The two were soon engaged in a lively discussion of the merits of the opera. Alma was full of praise for the work and its composer, which produced a pang of sadness in Arda, but she fought it down heroically. Arda enquired timidly whether the composer would be present and witness the performance, and she seemed to feel considerably relieved when Alma said, "Lord bless you, no. He is too sensitive after the failure this same work met in America. But, compared," she continued, "it was nothing then to what it is now, and it would have been a success at that time had it not been for the chicanery of the first violinist. This time," she added in a positive tone of voice, "it will be a glorious success."

And so it proved to be. The emotions produced by her meeting with Alma only deepened the feeling with which Arda sang this evening. She had met one more temptation and overcome it, the temptation to hate the woman who she once thought was the cause of all her misery. But the remembrance of a baby angel face helped her, and she murmured to herself: "No, if he loves her I will love her, and I will not stand between them."

Once such a resolve had been impossible to her, but that was when her love had been of a more selfish kind. Insensibly she had come to realize that her

love to Fritz had not been killed, but changed into a purer and more unselfish love, a love that wants to see its object happy, no matter what the sacrifice may be for itself. And this is not earthly love. It is celestial. It is the Christ love, into which the soul grows when the Christ principle within has come to rule. Her role was in keeping with her feelings, for the heroine is made to believe that her lover loves another, which makes her resolve to give him up to her and take the veil to serve henceforth only the Master. But she is not required to make this sacrifice, for at the last moment the truth leaks out. The machinations and intrigues of the plotters are defeated, and the happy lovers are reunited.

Arda's whole sole was in her playing and singing. Seldom if ever before had the people of Hamburg listened to such a portrayal of noble emotions. Scarcely an eye remained dry during the last act. When the last chorus, "Love's Triumph," was finished, the hearers sat entranced for some moments as if loath to break the spell. But presently a shout went up that shook the building, and the people seemed intoxicated and insane in their endeavor to manifest their appreciation. Noble sentiments and deeds always strike a responsive cord in the human breast, and this proves the inherent Divinity of the soul of man. Arda had been called out six times in company with other leading singers. Still the crowd cheered and applauded. The curtain rose again and this time even the chorus singers appeared, but still the crowd was not satisfied. Repeated cries of "composer, composer," told plainly what they wanted. Weber had anticipated this and sent for Fritz. And now they bring him out pale and agitated. He bows again and again before the people, who seem wild. At last they give up, from sheer exhaustion, it seems, and they begin to leave the house. Weber, the manager, the singers, they all crowd around the bewildered Fritz and heartily congratulate him. He smiles in a confused way and shakes their hands mechanically. He had caught a glimpse of a shrinking figure and a pale face which

he is seeking, but cannot find, for Arda had taken advantage of the momentary confusion and withdrawn to the dressing room.

But Alma has seen her vanish, and she is resolved that the fair singer shall be introduced to Fritz. She takes the latter by the arm as soon as he has shaken hands with all and says, "Come and let me introduce you to Fraulein Kenheim, our new prima donna, who has helped to make the production of your opera a success." Fritz follows her mechanically, hoping that he shall see that face again. When he enters the dressing room he stops for a moment and looks at the pale, shrinking figure of Arda, who is trembling from head to foot.

"At last," he gasps. Then he rushes up to her and tries to embrace her, but she gently unlocks his arms and leads him to where Alma stands, who is unable to comprehend the situation.

And now Arda finds voice to say: "You love her more than me, and you belong to her. Never mind the ties that bind you to me. They shall be broken and you will be free to marry her. I want—I want only your happiness."

But the effort cost her more than she had bargained for. She sinks down on the sofa and faints away. Weber has entered and overheard the last words. Fritz hurries to the assistance of his wife. He calls her sweet names and protests that he only loves her. He kisses her madly, wildly on her lips, cheeks and eyelids. Alma is the only one who seems self-possessed. She calls for water which is brought by Weber. With the aid of smelling salts, sprinkling and chafing, Arda is soon recovering from her faint. She listens passively to the hot, impassioned words of Fritz, and does not resist his caresses any more. She feels that he speaks the truth.

Weber steps up to the group by the sofa and says smiling: "There is some great mistake here. I claim Alma for myself, for if nothing happens she will be my own sweet wife in about two weeks."

"Ah, forgive me," said Arda, while she reached out

her hand to the Kapellmeister. "I believed they loved each other, for I saw them together that night when I left my home and Fritz. Some neighbor woman had told me of the rumors that were afloat. Besides, my husband had solemnly promised me and the angel that passed out of our mortal sight, not to drink any more, and that night I saw him with a glass full of wine before him. If he was untrue to me in one thing why could he not be so in another? But that is forgotten."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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